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READ THE
"WANT" ADVTs.
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FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF SHAMROCK IN AMERICAN WATERS. THE STORY OF HER TRIP IN TOW OF ERIN FOR 1,300 MILES.

Sir Thomas Lipton's Yacht Accomplishes the Western Ocean Voyage in Less Than Fifteen Days, Without a Mishap.

SIR THOMAS HAD PERMISSION TO HAVE THE SHAMROCK TOWED.

THE Cup challenger Shamrock arrived here yesterday morning after a voyage of 14 days 19 hours 28 minutes from Fairlie, Scotland. During the voyage she was towed a little less than 1,300 miles by the steam yacht Erin.

A great many laymen were under the impression that being towed would cause her disqualification for the Cup races.

This is an error, as the New York Yacht Club gave Sir Thomas Lipton permission to have the Shamrock towed in calms or light weather.

By Langdon Smith.

DABBLED by a two weeks' battle with the sea, dishevelled as Noah's dove with its tail feathers out, yet stumpy jibbed and pugmious withal, Sir Thomas Lipton's cup yacht, Shamrock, lies off Tompkinsville like a stack of chips on a marine faro table.

She arrived at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, after a voyage of fourteen days, nineteen hours and twenty-eight minutes from Fairlie, Scotland.

Here at last is the main screw of the British fabric of yachting hopes. Here at last are the fine "Pile lines," the "easy bilge," the "tumble home," whatever that may be, and the many sea-going virtues vaunted in the English papers for months.

She lies with her nose pointed toward the Hook, where her battles will be fought. She is pea green. A flag with a green shamrock flies at her masthead. The blue flag of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club flaps at her stern.

By her sheer and rake she is a sea fighter. You can tell it by the razor fashion in which she slices the running tide. It is like a darkey's caseknife going through a ripe watermelon. You may note it again in the heft of the square-chained, pipe-smoking crew. They are big, strong fellows, with the tan of the sea on their cheeks and the glints of the waves in their eyes. They can make a spinnaker look like a baby's handkerchief with their deft handling. They can ride halyards as easily as children ride a carousel. But, of course, "there are others."

Public Interest Whetted.

Never before has there been such a vast interest in an English cup challenger as has been shown by American yachtsmen in this new flyer of Sir Thomas Lipton. The mystery of her design, her construction, the manner of her launching, the knowledge here and abroad that she is the fastest yacht ever turned out by an English craftsman and the belief that she will give the Columbia a close series of races, if not a beating, has whetted public interest to the highest degree.

All this was shown yesterday off Tompkinsville, when hundreds of vessels of all descriptions, from dories to ocean steamers, made a specialty of doing the foreign cup racer honor, with flags, lungs and whistles.

To-day, to-morrow and every succeeding day will see the fleet of saluting row-boats increased.

At Robin's dock, in the Erie Basin, where the green yacht will go for repairs on Monday, the story will be the same.

Amidships on the Irish yacht there are three pots of shamrock, placed there for good luck by the friends of Sir Thomas Lipton. At her masthead the Columbia will wear golden rod. The coming battle will be one of flowers—the green shamrock and the yellow golden rod.

Arrival a Surprise.

Nobody expected the Shamrock for a week or ten days yet. Experienced yachtsmen said that she could not get across inside of twenty-two days. The reception outfit took things easy. They chartered a tug some time ago to meet the Irish racer, and purchased divers comestibles for use of the Hook. The idea that Shamrock was a twentieth century boat had apparently escaped them.

They were greatly surprised, therefore, when there appeared off Fire Island in the gray of a misty morning yesterday something that looked like a green sea-going katydid. Word was flashed to the city. The Reception Committee hustled in vain. It was too late. In the silent phantom nearing the Hook there were the wings of Ariel.

Behind her bowled a big, white steam yacht throwing out great quantities of black English smoke. They came straight up the bay and into the arena of the American champion, like duellists on a strange battle ground. Somewhere out in the mists of the dawn they had picked up a pilot. Later on they picked up a tug.

Some time after 8 o'clock they arrived at Quarantine, where Deputy Health Officer L'Honnemellen came out with his yellow flag and perfunctory questions.

"We are all right as a trivet," said Captain Hogarth. "No sickness, no mishap, no nothing." Then, over against Tompkinsville, they cast anchor in a fog-veiled bit of bay, and the monotonous journey was over.

Toots, Howls and Hurrahs.

Pretty soon the coming of the Irish champion was noised along the waterways and the salutes began. Big side wheelers came by with strange wild cries. Small tugs, with the odors of Barren Island about them, nosed up and bellowed a welcome. There were howls and hurrahs from the shore. XI456

The crew of the green Irish katydid were getting breakfast, but they found time to be courteous. At every pean of welcome some hardy British tar, with his mouth full of salt horse and enthusiasm, would run to the flag halyards and perform the customary saluting act.

So it went as time passed without material change, other than a steady increase in the number and enthusiasm of the visitors. Several rusty old English steamers that lay around doffed their flags intermittently.

"She's a mighty likely looking craft," said somebody with the twang of experience in his voice.

"Yes," was the reply, "in the absence of Columbia it's hard to see how she can lose."

The pretty craft certainly rode the water like a green-headed duck. Her bow curled up from the sea level after the fashion of a Meroi bounding. About her nose were the bruises and erosion of the waves. She was under ketch rig, which is the rig of a light-boat before dressing for a party.

Captain Hogarth, brown faced and solemn, walked the after deck. His comments on the trip will be found elsewhere. The crew, dressed smartly in blue sweaters and white nautical trousers, lounged forward. Some of them dangled their legs over the side.

They showed no real animation until the St. John's floating hospital barge was towed by with hundreds of shrieking children waving their hands over the rail. It was not this, however, that roused the Shamrock's crew from their torpidity.

Nurses Dazzle the Crew.

It was the sight of a dozen pretty nurses flirting as hard as they ever could with the English crew. Even the hard-working kitchen skipper waved a disheveled hair from a port-hole.

This was too much. Half a dozen of the Shamrock's crew sprang to their feet and waved their hats. The sick children and the hospital people cheered. The disheveled almost disappeared in the rapidity of its evolutions.

The steam yacht Erin also looked worn from the voyage. Her sides and funnel were discolored. Her crew began at once to swap the vessel down. Two Chinese dining-room Mahatmas, wearing large rubber combs and looking like Mahatmas of Swat, leaned disconsolately over the bulwarks.

Photographers swarmed as thick as mos-

The America's Cup Challenger Now Anchored at Tompkinsville, in Fair Trim for the Great International Race.

CAPTAIN HOGARTH'S ACCOUNT OF THE TRIP ACROSS THE DEEP.

WE came all the way on the southerly route and on the port tack. We had light to strong northwest and northerly winds with squally weather to the Azores.

From there we had mild weather. During several days of calm we were towed by the Erin—about 1,280 miles. The wind was too light for sailing.

Our best run under canvas was 268 miles. We weathered the squalls nicely and the Shamrock is in first class condition.—Statement by Captain Hogarth.

ERIN'S CHART SHOWS EXACT ROUTE TAKEN.

THE latitude and longitude of the Erin's trip as taken from her chart follows:

Date.	Longitude Noon.	Longitude Noon.	Distance Miles.
Aug. 4.	53.10 N	4.52 W	203
Aug. 5.	51.03 N	10.32 W	263
Aug. 6.	48.13 N	16.25 W	282
Aug. 7.	46.28 N	21.00 W	223
Aug. 8.	44.29 N	24.36 W	193
Aug. 9.	42.20 N	27.49 W	190
Aug. 10.	39.48 N	31.21 W	243
Aug. 11.	39.13 N	37.00 W	263
Aug. 12.	38.44 N	42.00 W	231
Aug. 13.	38.13 N	47.31 W	266
Aug. 14.	38.52 N	53.41 W	290
Aug. 15.	39.16 N	59.05 W	258
Aug. 16.	39.23 N	63.36 W	210
Aug. 17.	40.07 N	69.14 W	265
Aug. 18.	Sandy Hook.		216
Total distance.			3,596

bunkers about the Irish champion. On the Erin Dr. F. Reid Mackay, M. D., F. R. C. S., and Chevalier Eduardo de Martino, marine painter in ordinary to the Queen, dodged the negatives as best they could.

On the Shamrock, however, nobody seemed to care. The crew looked as pleasant as possible, and bore the gimlet-like scrutiny with great composure.

Of the entire time consumed in the voyage the Shamrock was towed four days, or about 1,300 miles. Her boom was to starboard during the whole voyage, and her mainsail was never lowered.

Offhand comments on the voyage were made from memoranda kept by Dr. Mackay during the passage.

"We left Fairlie on the afternoon of August 3," he said. "The last English landmark we saw was Bowhead Light. The lightkeeper there signalled his best wishes, for which we returned our thanks."

"We had nice weather that night and the following day, but on August 5 things became unsettled. The wind came from various quarters up to 11 a. m., when the weather grew heavy and a severe storm arose, accompanied by blinding lightning."

"Shamrock made good weather of it, however, and kept under her own sail through the eighth. On the evening of this date the Erin was temporarily lost sight of astern."

"She was sighted at last, hauled down on the quarter. The sea was very high, but things grew quieter when the fog lifted and it began to rain."

"On the ninth the Erin came up and a signal inquiry was made as to whether the steam yacht desired to call at Fayal. Erin answered, 'No.'"

"On the evening of this day the Shamrock ran under all sail, even to the fore-staysail."

"The weather continued pleasant. Carva was sighted on the 10th at 9:35 a. m., the Shamrock passing some distance out. Both steam yacht and racer went by at the rate of 11½ knots an hour."

"On the following day there fell a calm, and thereafter for four days the Shamrock was under tow."

"On the 16th the weather was clear, with a heavy swell, but Shamrock made good time. On the 17th Shamrock exchanged signals with the steamer America."

"We wish you success," said the American ship."

"Thanks," said the British.

"Early in the evening the Shamrock was passed by the Finest Bismarck. The Irish yacht burned a flare, but the signal was not answered."

"At dawn yesterday morning the Hook was sighted and a pilot was taken aboard."

A tug was picked up in the Horseshoe and an hour afterwards the Shamrock was hooked into the American mud off Tompkinsville."

QUICKEST PASSAGE EVER MADE BY A CHALLENGER

By Duncan Curry.

WHILE the Shamrock's voyage of 3,596 miles in 14 days 19 hours and 28 minutes is a remarkably fast one (in fact by many days the quickest passage ever made by a cup challenger), it by no means compares with the Vigilant's trip abroad in 1894, when, under George J. Gould's flag, the American yacht crossed the ocean under her own canvas in a little over fourteen days.

In the Vigilant's case she sailed every foot of the way, while the Shamrock was towed a good part of the distance by the steam yacht Erin.

As a matter of fact, according to Captain Hogarth, of the Shamrock, and Skipper Matthews, of the Erin, the Shamrock had calms or light winds during the earlier part of her voyage, and only actually sailed

Bow on View of the Cup Challenger Shamrock as She Lay Off the New York Yacht Club Station at Tompkinsville, S. I., Yesterday.

(TAKEN FOR THE JOURNAL BY ONE OF ITS SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC STAFF.)